2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

ingly competent. There's nothing connected with their every- 181
day life that they cannot all do, and do well.

I saw a couple of pretty young women sitting together in a 283
little orchard spinning, as they watched a few sheep grazing on some odd blades of grass that grew between the trees. I scrambled over the wall and sat beside them to watch. They showed me what they were doing, and as we talked a fine old greybeard passed by driving a few goats and sheep downhill. "What are you doing there, Mother?" "Naját and Zaida are showing me how to spin." "But don't you *know*?" Half shamefaced, wholly amused, I tried to explain that unfortunately in our country most of the spinning was done with "wheels" (a general sort of word for machinery of any kind—a thing which, of course, they have never seen), and quite a lot of women besides myself did not know how to spin. He shook his head sadly as if to say, "What is the world coming to?" and stood a moment to watch us. Then sympathetically but firmly he said: "You'll never learn now, I'm afraid. You should have begun as a child; it takes a lot of practice. Goodbye." And as he went after his animals I saw him still gently shaking his head over my lost youth—which he could not regret more than I.

Wherever she is going, whether to the orchard to gather 283
twigs for firewood, or to the mill with a small sack of grain to 415
be ground, the woman carries under her arm a quaint little kidney-shaped receptacle for her well-washed wool. It is usually made of wild rowan bark. The menfolk when up at the summer pastures cut a strip of bark and bend the two ends towards the centre, forming two circular chambers. They then bury it for a year or two till it has taken the required shape. Then they lash on a thin wooden base and lash the two circular chambers together, and the wife's *pfurúkus* is ready for her. In one side she puts the clean wool which she teases by hand, removing any lumps or bits of straw, which she puts into the odd-shaped cavity between the two circles. She then coaxes bits of the cleaned lump into a neat ribbon of wool about 6 inches long and 1½ inches wide, and beats it well on her knee till it is perfectly flat and even and coheres together, and this little

strip is folded and placed in the second chamber. When she has enough of these *dapping* prepared, she takes out her little spindle, also shaped at home, puts the point of it into a little dish like a small ash-tray, which prevents it from wandering about while she rotates it. Then with a *dap* of wool in her left hand and the spindle in her right, she conjures somehow a fine even thread on to the whirring spindle. So many *dapping* make a spindleful, so many spindlefuls make a ball, so many balls suffice for a winter cloak. Undoubtedly you must learn as a child. The shape of the *pfurúkus* makes it most convenient to carry; even if you have a child on your shoulders and a basket on your back, it sits under your arm and stays there of itself, one circular chamber projecting back and front. The little ash-tray is cleverly moulded by the women from the malleable mush left when they have squeezed every drop of oil from their apricot kernels. It dries in a day or two and serves for many a year.

There was a jolly family party who worked the fields just below our house. I used to wish the fields didn't slope down and down and we could then have watched them better from the windows. When we arrived they had just reaped two fields of wheat (which ripens a fortnight later than the barley) and piled the sheaves in two big stacks. Then they made their threshing-floor as earlier described.[1] When the floor was dry they spread the entire circle 2 or 3 feet deep with cut wheat and got a team of five cows, tied their muzzles loosely together with a soft rope round each and then drove them round to tread out the grain. It is usually a woman or girl who drives the team, but sometimes a man or boy will take a hand. The outside beast has, of course, to make the biggest circle, while the centre one just buzzes round as nearly as possible in the same spot. As the driver gently touches them with her switch she keeps shouting "Hai, hai, hai!" to encourage them. When she gets tired one of the others comes on duty and she goes and sits down in the shade of the stack. As you can imagine, it is pretty hot in the noonday sun. I joined the women in the shade where they sat spinning away and keeping an eye on the toddlers. There were two dear little girls, Shamúli and

[1] [See p. 77, Cat. 116 or 243. -- Analyst]

Chapter 21

HUNZA CRAFTS

ONE of the most refreshing things about Hunza is the absence of machinery. Every essential tool and utensil can be made and mended at home, and every individual enjoys the self-respect that comes from the exercise of necessary craftsmanship. The picturesquely asymmetrical stone cooking-pots, oil-jars, and crusie-lamps have each been fashioned by father or grandfather, or it may be great-grandfather. Each has its own individuality and its own history. The ladles and wooden spoons of delightful and often fantastic shape have been cut out from suitable branched bough or root—handle and bowl in one piece, no two alike. Your own carefully planted and tended willows supply the flexible withies for a dozen kinds of basket, and the man or woman who could not construct the one required would be hard to find. Reels and spindles for spinning, bobbins and shuttles for weaving, wooden hoes and shovels, two-prong forks cut in one piece from the tree or the graceful five-pronged winnowing forks with neat and skilful lashings of gut holding their curved teeth in place, the plough, the frame and heddles of the loom, the treadles and framework of the lathe that turns the wooden bowl, are all home-made. You cure the skins of your own beasts for sacks and bags and boots. When the women want more wool for spinning, any man at any moment will shear another sheep while the women and children hold its legs.

The only work that the home cannot itself tackle is the ironwork—a very recent substitute for stone and bone and horn. An occasional iron pick or shovel, fork or crowbar is brought up "from below" (India or Kashmir) by a returning

4: Lorimer L-3 (1930-4; 1934-5) 1935 AVT Burushо AVT

the lighting of lamps, between supper and bedtime, in recounting past events, and doubtless in confirming and explaining traditional behaviour and practices:

> šapi·k ši·mteum gučalpal xa (I am told) geri·tas geri·bilumiše ya dapiŋ etašo huru·šam. Thamini tə·ndili gerəŋtes aka·birtiŋ huru·šam da šajara (= šajara = tə·ri·x) eš̌am.

"From eating food till lying-down time those who had lamps or those who were preparing wool for spinning used to sit "by the lamp." In former years the people of the upper class used to sit by their lamps and recount past events."

That these séances had an educative and moral intention is evident from the saying, ascribed by tradition to Big Ali of the Ghulwâting clan:

> Ghulwaṭiŋs Big Ali·s bəs bila: "uyo·n ja geri·təs du·n ja·təum šiskuṭ (= insa·ni·at) haki·ba·n. Ja khu yuniki·ents ayu· yuniki·entes gerəŋtəs niš̌a·n."

"There is the saying of Big Ali of the Ghulwâting: 'All people have come to my lamp-side and have learnt from me human virtue. Only these evil sons of mine go to the lamp-sides of evil persons."

The few remarks I have to make about the provenance of the subject matter of the texts are embodied in the notes subjoined to each. Otherwise the notes are chiefly confined to grammatical queries and explanations. Paragraph numbers quoted in the notes refer to the Grammar. Obviously the texts, especially those relating to local traditions or customs, require much fuller annotation to reveal and explain their full content; but lack of knowledge, no less than lack of space, made it impossible for me to attempt such annotation.

I hope that my present investigations in Hunza may serve to throw light on many of such obscurities.

Aliabad, Hunza,
29th October 1934.

D. L. R. L.

[p.1 contains no textual material – Analyst]

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thirtəm -stə x full bobbin, yarn wound on small hollow stick 5 or 6 inches long. — *gaz thirtəm* bobbin of thick thread, i.e. woof yarn. *jəv thirtəm* bobbin of thin thread, i.e. warp yarn. *dəruqam thirtəm ju.an mamama* "you have become like a tangled bobbin".

000

1. *tiʃ, tiv*, pl. *tiʃants, tiʃiqə* x excavated hole in ground, pit, grain-pit. — *ʒ'alov tiʃ* grain-pit. *tiʃ stimi* be made a pit, hole in the ground. 66.20. *tiʃi.wlom* (or, *tiʃantəwlom*) from in the pits. 140.9. Cp. 12.16, 84.2—5, 140.2. (Cp. Sh. *dʃv*).
2. *ʃhis -miŋ* y error, mistake, mindset, fault; mistaken, wrong. — *pirsimom ʃhis bila* what is written is wrong. *gats ʃhis na pirsimai.i* he has written this wrongly. *ʃhis stas* to make a mistake, commit a fault, miss (a mark). *kin kapaltərtaam ka tiʃ stamo* she misconducted herself with a shepherd. 268.4. Cp. 222.7. *kai.aar, ...mar, tiʃ stimi* he missed the mark, the marksor. *ʃhis manam, ʃhis *-maŋas* to be in error, go wrong, go astray, go missing, be confused, or interchanged (of things). *ɔltalik kamipalo kan gats tiʃ ...aimi* (or *mamamaŋas*) between the two of them there was a mistake of one day (or, they went wrong in regard to one day). 82.13. *ɔltalik ʃhis manimi* the two of them missed (the mark). 282.1. *kapas ʃhis mani bi* the goat has gone missing. Cp. 234.1, *kapas ʃhis mani.an* the goats went missing.

(Cp. Sh. *tiv*, GB *ʃhis*, error, mindset).

tiqʼan -iŋ y earthquake. — *tiʃ tiqan* 1. Earthquake. 2. IUB a strenuous, valiant man, H. *mahnati kahaniar*

000 needed animals in the world.

231 It is clearly and distinctly established that Tibet, for example, could never exist and people could never live in that part of the world if it weren't for the yaks and yaks are native only to that part of the world —yes, wild ones, I mean. That's where they were originally found and tamed. They still roam wild on some of the higher inaccessible elevations and plateaus in that part of the globe.

No one will attempt to deny that our cow is a most useful and practically essential animal. It gives milk from which we make butter, cheese and cream. We use the carcass for meat and the hide for shoes, baseballs and many other articles but, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the cow as it is today actually couldn't look after herself in the northern latitudes and pasture food must be provided.

[492] Well, the yak does everything a cow does. Besides that, it is one of the finest beasts of burden. Then, too, it is the surest-footed animal to be found anywhere. It can, and often does, forage for its own food. It can live off practically nothing. It is suspected that it can find sustenance in a bit of grass or roots or even a bit of coarse, uninviting (to any other animal) herbage.

[492] Like our cow, it takes to domestication readily. Both
[241] the Tibetans and the Hunzans use them to work their fields and flail their wheat, barley and other grains.
231 From the wool on its back, belly and head comes the
237 toughest of woven fabrics, from which is made the
[283] sturdiest of clothes for the people and tents for their homes. Wherever you see rope in Hunza, you can be sure that it was made from braided or woven yak hair.

[291] The hide is used for most everything . . . boots and
[415] shoes, of course, and water containers and skin boats,
[501] which are the means and mode of transportation across and up and down the dangerous rivers